

Fire Eaten

by Virrow

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Summary: They had to escape. They had to get home safe. But sometimes you have stand up and fight till the end.

Fire Eaten

****Here's a little one-shot (written in Hiccup's POV) that's set during Green Death scene in the movie scene, but things are changed around and I have my own ending to the sceneâ€¦ Hope you guys like it!****

"The glory of friendship is not in the outstretched hand, nor the kindly smile, nor the joy of companionship; it is in the spiritual inspiration that comes to one when he discovers that someone else believes in him and is willing to trust him." ~R.W.E**

*** * ***

><p>The sound of Toothless' wings tearing through the heated, thick air was heard through my ears at that very moment. They sounded frantic enough to tell me that we were in trouble. Or about to be in. Aside from his tail fins, his wings were what kept us up. If they failed or one of tail fins did, there was no doubt we were in danger.<p>

I was worried about that prosthetic tail fin of his. Whipping my head around, my eyes tried to focus onto it. Instead, they swept over to the grand figure of the Green Death. Those angered, blazing eyes met mine and I snapped my head back to see where Toothless was flying to.

We headed up to the heavens. My head tilted back to see the skies above. The clouds were clustered gray beasts that didn't look like they would move anytime soon. I imagined how hard it would be to see around and through them.

The sky was unseen through the thick foggy clouds, but I could tell it must have been just as dark and smoked up as the surrounding. Thor was probably watching over us somewhere up there, and was hopefully ready to help us if we needed the help.

Unless he wasn't in his best mood and then he was ready to strike us down with lightning.

Squinting my eyes, I leaned over and kept down low in the saddle as my sweaty hands gripped Toothless' reins tighter. The higher we flew, the harder it was to see the way ahead. Toothless didn't find it that much of a problem.

Stretching out his powerful wings along his sides, he flapped them harder.

Behind us came the enraged roars of the monstrous Green Death. By its roars, I didn't think it was ready to give up yet. Following the roars, came the sound of fresh wings that slashed through clouds. There was a crackle of old bones waking up from years of deep sleep that to me, sounded a lot like the close thunder. Who knew how many years the Green Death had kept those wings locked at its sides?

I drove my feet into Toothless' stirrups and pulled the reins away to the left side. He immediately understood my command and veered sharply away to the side, where we vanished into the darkness. Once hidden, I pulled the reins in and Toothless stopped in mid-air.

Through the thin line of mist that shielded us, we both watched as a very confused Green Death appeared where we had just been, and was swiveling its monstrous head around. I sucked in my breath and prayed to Thor that it wouldn't smell us.

The beast began to make circles in the air as it glanced around, trying to locate us. Another roar exploded out of its mouth and this time I sensed the puzzlement that quivered through the bellow. It followed by a rage-filled howl that sent chills running up and down my spine.

Suddenly, the Green Death made another spin and this time, it was much closer to us. I felt Toothless tremble under me. A louder growl escaped the curved mouth of the monster and that was when I reached my hands up to my ears. The sound was ear-shattering and it was possible for anyone around to go deaf in seconds flat.

I felt a strong voltage of something ripple along Toothless' back. He wasn't trembling anymore

This was bravery. It was courage. Despite all the trembling and fear that hide in the corners of Toothless' mind, I could tell he wasn't ready to back up.

"C'mon bud. We can do this. I know we can." I patted the Night Fury's muscled shoulder and he snorted in response.

We can do this.

Those words echoed through my mind and I took in a deep breath.

Toothless narrowed his yellow eyes and with a rough growl, he zipped out of the thin mist we hid behind and flew straight into the path of the Green Death. I held my breath and hoped for the best.

When we flew by the Green Death harmlessly, I released my breath and did a quick check at the beast over my shoulder. Even Toothless turned for a second to let his eyes take in the growling Green Death. It had defiantly seen us.

All of its clouded, ice cold eyes focused on us and a look of deadly hunger flashed right at us. I saw this and wished for Thor to come down and save us now. Toothless thought differently.

With a crack in the air with his wings, the Night Fury flew straight at the Green Death with a poised expression. The wind tore through his wings and I had to bow my head down low. It felt as if the wind would rip all the hair out of my head and all the skin clean off my bones.

I raised my head just a bit to catch a small glimpse at the path Toothless was flying and my eyes went wide when I saw where we were heading.

Toothless arched his back a bit and took in the warm, smoke filled air. His wings curved around the air and with a giant sneeze he let a bright blue fireball explode at the Green Death's head.

I grinned when I saw the Green Death flap his colossal wings in surprise and let out a confused roar. I thought that one little fireball would make the Green Death back down.

I was wrong.

Snapping its head to glare at us, the beast let out a blood-curling roar that caused Toothless to get even angrier. He didn't want this giant monstrosity to live another minute.

"Toothless. Be careful." I told him and huddled low in my saddle.

For the next few minutes, I squeezed my eyes shut and buried my head into the top of the saddle, near Toothless' shoulder.

By the noises that thundered by my ears, I could tell that Toothless was still aiming at the Green Death. What surprised me the most was the Green Death wasn't defending itself with its own fire.

One! Two! Three!

Whenever a fireball left Toothless, I felt his muscles tighten and his body grow warm as each fireball hatched from his chest, traveled up his throat and erupted into a beautiful, yet powerful blue fire.

In rippling waves, the fireballs punched the Green Death and flinched back with cut off cries.

A moan came from Toothless and my head popped back up from where it lay. I reached out to touch the Night Fury's tense shoulder and

wincing at the powerful heat radiating at me.

"It's okay, bud." I say and Toothless gives a quick, sharp nod. He didn't want to be seen weak.

We both watched as the Green Death let out its last long scream. We both expected it to be hurt in some way.

We both thought it would surrender.

We were wrong. Again.

Those five seconds of frightening silence that came next made me chew on the inside of my lip. It was one of those silences where you didn't really know what to expect. One of those silences where you knew something bad was coming.

All of the Green Death's eyes were trained on us at that moment. It wasn't ready to back down anytime soon.

An unexpected burst of flame exploded from the Green Death's mouth, shattering the sky with sparks and splashes of fire. It formed into a huge tower of smoke and blaze when the Green Death threw its head back to let the flames shoot up and out. With brisk snaps of its neck, the beast's column of fire shook and grabbed at other parts of the sky.

Including the spot where Toothless hovered.

A surprised yelp came from Toothless as the fire hurdled at us and snagged onto the tip of Toothless' left tail fin. A cry came from me and I controlled the tail fin by pressing quickly on the stirrup. I hoped that maybe some of the wind or cool air might catch onto the fin and put out the small spreading fire.

With his tail fin flapping up and down so wildly, Toothless decided to spring upward. The faster his tail fin moved, the faster we sped and zigzagged through the thick smoke and immense fire.

Even with us going so fast, I could tell we were being watched. I fought against the wind to turn my head to the right.

Clouded, pale yellow eyes of the Green Death pierced right into mine and I quickly turned away. They were angry. The Green Death was angry. Probably angry that we didn't get hit badly enough.

Toothless panicked as the fire on his tail fin grew. I tried my best to control him safely away, but with the tail fin burning upâ€¦ I had this horrible feeling that we just might not make it.

So I dug my feet hard into the stirrups and let Toothless fly his way out of this. I just had to let him lead us out of this. Hopefully he'll be able to.

Heat seared my face as we zipped closer to the Green Death. Sweat gathered up under my hairline and I wished I could reach up to wipe it away. But the greatness of our speed was so extreme that it would be hard to lift an arm, just to have it torn away by the wild wind.

A horrendous stench smacked my face when we reached the Green Death. I felt a bit queasy when Toothless made a sharp veer to the left and the smell got worse. We were getting closer to the beast's stinking mouth and sharp yellow teeth.

The smell was even worse than jumping into a pile of old Viking battle gear. That stuff never got washed or polished. You would get it drenched in your sweat, get stains from an accidental fall into a pile of dragon manure, have your wound's blood get all over it, spill your wine goblet on it and no one would care.

And remember that old battle gear comes with smelly, sweaty fur boots.

"TOOTHLESS! WHY ARE WE FLYING INTO ITS MOUTH?" I shouted over the loud rumbling coming from the Green Death.

The rumbling meant that either the beast will let another fireball blast at us or it was just growling.

I watched Toothless give a shake of his head and gesture at the Green Death's mouth with his head fins. The mouth. I gulped and stared and the gaping hole of darkness present itself in front of us.

What surprised me was that that Green Death didn't close its mouth on us yet. My heart hammered nervously inside my chest at the thought of it closing. We would be trapped in it for Thor knows how long. We might get burned or blasted to bits. Maybe even end up in the stomach of the beast.

A new heat grew beneath me. My green eyes widened. Toothless was getting ready to shoot a fireball. It was a dangerous idea and could get us killed, but I smiled a small smile at the thought of it being successful.

His left head fin suddenly pricked up and he cocked his head to that same side. I raised my head a bit higher and looked over at where Toothless was pointing to.

One of the Green Death's teeth wasn't there. The gum under it was caked with dried, brown blood and had white foam sticking to the other two teeth on either side. There was a large gap where the tooth should be and I figured the tooth must have been ripped out along with the roots and all. I wasn't exactly a tooth expert, but wouldn't a new tooth be growing there?

The roof of the mouth shook and the teeth screeched against each other as the beast's mouth suddenly snapped shut.

Darkness enveloped us and all I saw was the missing tooth opening and Toothless' glowing eyes.

Whatever Toothless had planned now, I was ready to trust him. Part of my mind was screaming at me to start panicking because we were in the mouth of a Green Death. But the other part and my heart tugged at different strings. He was my friend and I was willing to trust him.

If I was a Viking a hundred years ago, I'd be down on the ground fighting the Green Death with nothing but a sword and shield. Of

course with my weight and height, I won't even be out in battle. I'd be the one sitting in the boat, waiting for a retreat or victory.

It had only been a matter of weeks and already this Night Fury and I were best of friends, while trying to defeat what is a threat to all Vikings around.

Toothless arched his back again into the familiar position and I just huddled down in my saddle and hoped I won't fall off.

His scales got hotter and when his head fins flattened back and his mouth stretched out into an oval shape, I squeezed my eyes shut and gripped Toothless' saddle.

Toothless' fireball ignited through the darkness of the Green Death's mouth and punched its way through the gap of the missing tooth. It shattered some of the other lower teeth and an ear-splitting bellow of pain rocketed out of the Green Death.

Toothless wasted no time.

I heard the strong bones in his wings crackle as he gave a dangerous flap of his wings and we blasted our way out of the Green Death's horrid smelling mouth.

We had to avoid the Green Death's razor-sharp teeth that tried to tear us to shreds as soon as the beast noticed us. Every time Toothless almost had his wing torn off, I yelped and glanced at the Green Death over my shoulder.

Those many eyes were full of so much rage, I imagined how painful our deaths would be if it ever did manage to get us.

We sped out of the way of more close cuts with Toothless spinning through the air in loop-de-loops.

All the blood rushed to my brain when he flew upside. I felt nauseous and clamped my hand over my mouth, while the other clutched the saddle. I hated the spinning and upside-down flying.

Grinning, Toothless spun around a little more and even cast a playful glance at the Green Death. He grinned wildly at it and did a few more spins.

Groaning, I hunched over and pressed my forehead to the warm saddle top.

The spinning made the Green Death furious. He gave a great big flap of his wings that sent a gust of wind pounding on my back. It nearly blew Toothless off course. The Night Fury's eyes widened and he quickly tried to push against the sudden breeze to get back on course.

"Toothless, you should dive down. Then pull up near ground. The Green Death won't be able to pull up as fast as us." I hissed with a small raise of my head.

That was the only plan I had in my mind right now. If we wanted to lose the beast, then we'd have to do that. Truce or reasoning with the Green Death wasn't anywhere near a good idea. It'll just end up

like the disaster that happened about a hundred years ago. My dad told me the story when I was just a little kid. I never forgot it.

It had been the bloody Battle of The Red Rocks. The worst battle in Viking history.

Somewhere out in the ocean through the thick fog, there had been an island with red rocks surrounding it. It was said that the reason for the red rocks was that it was the blood of other Vikings. Others say its dragon blood. But that didn't matter.

Vikings were stupid enough back then to visit the island, which they had nicknamed 'Blood Rock Island'. The rocks around the island they called 'The Red Rocks'.

They wanted to see if anyone or anything inhabited the island.

The ships set sail and when they arrived at the island, the Vikings saw the bloody rocks. Some had insisted they turn back around and head back to safety. Blood splattered rocks were never a good thing.

Unfortunately, the knuckle-heads decided to check out the rocks.

When these Vikings took their ships to the blood-covered rocks, they saw the island. With curiosity cooking inside most of them, they decided that the island was more interesting than the rocks.

The island had a huge rocky mountain with a wide beach. That was it. Nothing else. It was actually a little disappointing to the Vikings.

The beach had the shore littered with rocks of all shapes and sizes. They were each coated with a layer of thick black ash. The ash stuck to the Viking's clothes as they stepped through the rocks on the shore. This told them that the ash layer was fresh. Something had burned here recently.

The rocky mountain was steep and with high peaks that scraped the heavens menacingly. The sides were all jagged with edges sharper than cutting knives. It would have been impossible to climb it. Only if you had an ax and some rope. It might have been possible then. But none of the Vikings thought of this.

Even though the mountain was so tall, it didn't mean it wasn't wide. The mountain was just as wide as the beach and blocked your view of whatever was on the other side.

I had been told that some of these Vikings were stupid enough to go inside a small opening in the mountain. The opening had been dark with no light whatsoever inside. They had stepped into it and became blind in the darkness that swallowed them up instantly.

It turned out that a terrifying ship-burning, Viking-eating monster lived on this island. Inside the mountain to be exact. How did these Vikings find it? Well, one idiot began calling out things like 'ANYONE HERE? IF YE HEAR ME, ANSWER!'

His response had been a deep growl that sent the Vikings scampering out of that cave like lost, scared sheep.

It had many small eyes that watched your every move, ready to attack. It had a giant curved mouth that took up more than half of its face. Its body was long with a thick tail. The end of the tail was a spiked club that was easily able to wipe out all their ships with one swipe. To make things worse, the monster was frighteningly enormous in size.

The Vikings back then claimed that it was able to tame the seas, burn the forests to crisp with one puff and eat Viking villages whole. They called it the King of all Beasts.

That had been the same Green Death that Toothless and I were dealing with now.

I don't even want to remember that horrible bloodbath of a battle, so I just shook my head and snapped my eyes back on course.

Wind brushed viciously through my hair and slapped me continuously across the face. The temperature greatly rose as we reached the smoking ground. Smoke made my eyes water. Squeezing them shut, I wished I could reach my hand up to wipe them away.

ROAR!

The beast was right at our tail. A gaping jaw with a mouth full of spears had come in at a frightening speed.

"PULL UP! PULL UP! TOOOOOOTHLESS!" I yelled over the Green Death's threatening sounds. When I said his name, Toothless pulled up right at that second.

His wings awkwardly pushed through the air, trying to get back on course.

A deafening explosion nearly destroyed both of our ears. The Green Death hadn't been able to pull up fast enough and was now crashing into the ground.

A tremendous fire ate up the air around us. It had set off a fireball. The Green Death had let a fireball out to save itself.

The fireball hadn't been such a good idea. The second it was let out, the beast smashed muzzle first into the ground. There was a loud cracking of many bones as they grinded deeply into the ground. The Green Death's face buried itself into the rocky, smoky ground.

A muffled growl of pain and anger rose in the Green Death's throat and it tried hard to let out another fireball. His other fireball managed to get out before he got his face in the ground; it became bigger and had now spread out into a dangerous fire.

The growl was lodged deep in its throat, so it gave a thunderous throat rumble. Frustrated, the Green Death began to move its hurt feet. They had buried themselves deep into the ground too.

The growls and deep rumbles stopped and now wild tail thrashing began. The spiked club at the end of the tail had hit the ground,

where Vikings stood and catapults sat. It smashed the Viking ships into splintered pieces of wood.

"TOOTHLESS! THE TAIL'S GONNA HIT US!" I shouted.

Whipping my head around, I looked at the partially buried Green Death. The tail caused chaos in the waters and on ground. There were faint shouts and cries of the Vikings below.

Toothless nodded quickly and he pricked his head fins back as we blasted upward.

The sound of something heavy coming through the heated air tickled my ear and I made the mistake of spinning around. It was the monstrosity's frightening tail club.

And it came straight at us.

"TOOTHLESS!" I began, but had been cut off as the club whacked Toothless' tail fins.

The club ripped off what had been left of the prosthetic tail fin and I watched in horror as it tore through the other one. It also managed to strike his whole tail. One spike from the club raked along his tail, leaving a fleshy wound. Letting out in sharp cries of pain, Toothless flew and tried to get rid of the pain.

Except the next flap of his wings didn't get him anywhere. With flailing paws and a thrashing body, he fell backwards.

I flipped over in my saddle, while gripping it with one hand. _Don't let go, _my mind screamed at me, _Don't you dare. _

As he helplessly thrashed around in the air, blood rained down on me when he waved his shredded tail around. The blood hit me square in the eye, but I ignored it. It splattered the saddle and it dripped through the fingers of my hand that held the saddle.

This time when a weak roar rippled through the air, it wasn't the Green Death. It was Toothless. He tried to call out to me. He ignored his tail pain and just tried to figure out how to save me.

My mind, though, wandered to something else we had to worry about.

The fire. I had completely forgotten about it.

It grinned with its hungry, orange smile. It rose up at us. The blood red flaming hands of it reached out to flick my boots. I shrieked louder than intended and tried to raise my feet.

A hiss came from my already burning boot and I screamed louder. I kicked my feet out, so that my burning boot could fly off. I didn't want the flames to spread up the rest of my body. I hadn't been ready to burn to death.

Cool air rushed to my foot as the burning boot came off and fell down into the depth of the deadly fire.

The cool air was soon replaced by a rush of hot air. My sock stuck to

the skin of my foot, as sweat coated the whole thing.

The worst part about this whole situation wasn't that my boot had been on fire. But the fact that Toothless tried to fly upward. With no tail fins and a wounded tail, I couldn't understand how he had been able to keep us upâ€"well sort of. We slipped down more and more he higher he had tried to go.

I rose my legs up to my chest and hugged them with my extra arm. My other arm clenched the wet saddle. The heat made my hand sweaty and the saddle slippery.

A cry came up from Toothless and I saw that he was barely breathing. The continuous flapping to keep us airborne tired him out. It was almost impossible without his tail fins and just his lashing tail.

"TOOTHLESS!" I screamed as my hand slipped from the grip of the saddle.

Suddenly I found myself falling.

He fell too, while calling out to me.

_This is the end. _I looked up at Toothless as I began to slowly fall backwards.

My green eyes locked into his yellowish-green ones and he relaxed for a second. His wings stretched out loosely and he reached out to me with his large scaly paws.

The flames reached me before he could. I heard Toothless bring out a loud roar of alarm as he regained his senses. He screeched louder as the flames burned up through my clothes as I fell deeper into them.

They enveloped me into a very hot blanket and I tried to do something to bring out my pain. I tried to move my arm or leg. I tried to scream. To cry.

I couldn't. The fire was eating me up bit by bit.

Instead I met darkness and it welcomed me with cold arms.

xxx

Smoke curled up in thick wisps from the blackened ground. A figure was running through the smoke, waving her hands around to clear the smoke.

"Hiccup!"

The girl ran further and hoped to find the body of her friend or even of the Night Fury. Just to see that they were breathing. She wanted a heartbeat. She prayed to Thor that they would be alive. _They just have to be. _

Behind her, thundering feet of Stoick the Vast were coming up. The Chief took giant leaps over the ash covered ground and the pieces of broken ships and catapults.

"HICCUP!" he called out louder than Astrid would ever.

She just froze in her tracks and watched Stoick look about for his son and the dragon. Her trembling hands reached up to her face and she clenched her hands into fists at her cheeks. Her blue eye had tears forming at the rims. They were ready to spill over the edge and wash her ash-covered cheeks.

Thud!

Finally stopping in his tracks, Stoick saw what he had been looking for. Or at least part of what he had been looking for.

A large coal-black mound lay ahead. It was Toothless who lay on his side.

Gulping, Stoick approached the Night Fury. He hoped it didn't pounce at him. He hoped it didn't find him an enemy after what he had done to it. So he reached out with a hesitant hand and gently prodded the dragon on the back.

When Toothless didn't respond in any kind of way, Stoick walked over to the other side of the dragon and looked at what was in front of him.

Toothless had his wings splayed out in front of him with one over the other. His wounded tail curved out helplessly around the edges of his wings and his legs were all over the place. It was like he had just fallen from the sky and landed without trying to save himself.

There was something about his face that made Stoick bite his lip. It was as if Toothless screamed right before he hit the ground. His mouth had been wide open in a silent scream and his eyes halfway open.

Kneeling down, Stoick hovered his hand over the Night Fury's mouth. No breathing came at him.

"Thank you for being there for him." Stoick whispered and his hand reached out at Toothless. With his thumb, he closed Toothless' eyelids and then carefully shut Toothless' mouth.

"Rest in peace, Night Fury. May Thor guide you wherever you may be are now." Stoick nodded to himself and rose to his feet.

Vikings didn't cry. They tell themselves that crying is for babies and sissies. But the emotions that flooded into Stoick's mind and heart were unbearable. He didn't care if someone saw him.

The tears came again. The tears that Stoick held inside himself for decades. When his wife went away into battle, he told himself to be a man and not cry. When Hiccup fell off a cliff as a toddler and everyone thought he was dead— Well Stoick told himself not to cry when he saw Hiccup's beastly wounds.

Murmuring a silent 'goodbye' at the Night Fury, Stoick the Vast turned around. He began to walk forward knowing that Hiccup couldn't be too far from Toothless. And he was ready. Ready to find out that his son was gone just like the Night Fury.

Eyes squinting through the smoke, Stoick stumbled through the rocky terrain.

Ahead was a rock. It seemed a little too oddly shaped and a little too big to be an ordinary rock on this shore.

"Hiccup!" Stoick gasped and hurried over to his son.

The second Stoick was at his son's side, his eyes scanned his body.

Clothes had burned away in most places with black patches of skin in place under the fabric. The skin was fragile and most of it had peeled away to reveal severely red flesh. On the spots where there was no wound, the ripped fabric just stuck to the sticky, burned flesh and just blended in. One of his legs had the flesh burned away to reveal some of the pale yellow bone underneath. Stoick winced at that.

His face wasn't as bad as his body. Most of his hair close to his forehead was gone to show scorched marks on the skin on his skull. His nose bled heavily, with the blood trickling down his burnt lips.

"Hiccup!" Stoick squeezed his eyes shut and leaned forward to press his head to his son's scalded chest.

There was no sign of a heart. That made Stoick's own heart skip a beat as he let his grief come in. It was for both of them. Toothless and Hiccup. Except right now his tears were for Hiccup.

Raising his head, Stoick looked down at Hiccup's calm face. His eyes were already shut and his mouth in a small frown. Stoick's lip trembled when he thought about never seeing Hiccup's sparkling green eyes or his dimpled smile. He would never hear his son's laugh.

More tears glistened at the corner of his eyes and he felt them trickle down his ash-smeared cheeks. With a shaking hand he reached out to touch his son's hair. Gulping back a few tears, he gently ruffled it the way he always used to.

"My dear son!" I'm s-sorry if I ever d-doubted you in any way." Stock stammered and then let the worst of his tears come in.

His huge hand didn't move from Hiccup's hair. And he didn't move his eyes away for a second.

Suddenly, heaving sobs escaped the Chief of Berk just as some of the other Vikings came to stand a few feet behind him.

They all took off their helmets and held them to their chests to mourn for Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III and his faithful dragon by the name of Toothless.

* * *

><p>It was pretty hard to write that ending, because I kept tearing up at one point and then at another I just blanked out because I had Hiccup and Toothless dying. I really hoped you guys

liked it! Please review and tell me what you thought about
it!

****~Virrow ****

End
file.